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Notice.

THE "Musical World" is now published on SATURDAYS. Subscribers are respectfully reminded that a year's subscription, paid in advance, alone entitles them to a Ticket for the Concert in June. No musical entertainment, unless of essential importance to art, or of general and historical interest, can be noticed, if not advertised in our columns. No advertisements can be inserted in the current number after four o'clock on Thursdays. For the convenience of our country subscribers, their Tickets for the Concert will be made transferable.

A Serenade, by Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, is presented to our subscribers this week. A few copies still remain of Nos. 9, 10, and 11, of the "Musical World," containing a Triumphal March, by Mr. Moscheles, a song by Mr. Macfarren, a Waltz by Henselt, and a Vocal Romance by Mr. J. W. Davison, orders for which should be transmitted without delay.

A Chapter on Organs.

WE have received many communications during the last six months, from valued correspondents, urging us to bestow more attention on the important subjects of organs, organists, and organ music. A resolve long since taken on this subject has, from time to time, been rendered impracticable, by the press of matters of more immediate, though certainly not of greater interest. A flood of letters, however, very recently addressed to our office, with reference to certain strictures, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, *Britannia*, and *Illustrated News*, on the Trinidad organ, lately exhibited by Messrs. Gray and Davison, the builders, at their manufactory in the New Road, has decided us to lose no further time. We do not here intend to enter into any general remarks on the subject of the organ; but merely to point out the gross injustice that has been perpetrated by pretended criticism, in the particular case alluded to.

In the first place, then, we state without reserve, that there is not one word of truth in any of those portions of the articles in question, which tend to affect the reputation of Messrs. Gray and Davison, as organ builders of deservedly high position. Secondly—the spirit, if not the letter of the articles, has evidently proceeded from an unwarrantable source—that of hostility, based upon the most undeniable egotism.

We have positive evidence that the longest and most virulent of these articles—that which appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*—is from the pen of a gentleman well known to be inimical to the interests of Messrs. Gray and Davison. It is scarcely necessary to name Dr. Gauntlett, who, simply because he has never been able to draw them into his fantastic and self-aggrandizing projects, finds no better method of declaring his spite than by giving an illustration of the ancient fable of the fox and the grapes. Messrs. Gray and Davison will have none of Dr. Gauntlett—at any price, much less at his own—and so, in revenge, Dr. Gauntlett must needs ejaculate "The grapes are sour," in order the more speciously to extricate himself from his equivocal position. The *Morning Chronicle* article we attribute to the Doctor without ceremony—but the notices of the *Britannia* and *Illustrated News*, judging from their emasculated style and the peculiarly unintelligible jingle of their diction, are most probably abridgments of the great original, from the pen of his particular friend and patron, Mr. Gruneisen.

When Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, the popular comedians, were at New York, great hostility was shown them by the Yankees for some alleged misconduct of theirs at Saratoga;—in their defence, M. C. Mathews stated that he had no less than twenty reasons to bring why they *could* not have been guilty of the offence with which they were charged. The first was, that they had never been at Saratoga. The nineteen others were easily dispensed with. We, in emulation of Mr. Mathews, might urge even more than twenty reasons why Dr. Gauntlett's criticism on the Trinidad Organ should be wholly without weight—and again, like Mr. Mathews, might rely on the validity of our first—viz., that Dr. Gauntlett *never heard the instrument*. But as we are even more in the humour to be generous than just, we shall not avail ourselves of so smashingly socratic a manner of settling the question. We shall argue with the Doctor, as with a fair opponent, and discuss the merits of his articles as though he *had* heard the organ.

Dr. Gauntlett, with his well-known benevolence, commences his diatribe with an anticipative plaster for the wounds he is about to inflict. He tells us that the instrument in question is a good specimen of the old-fashioned English organ, which is rapidly becoming altogether obsolete. This is intended to mislead the reader. It conveys an insinuation that the Trinidad Organ has its key-boards and pedals constructed on the old G G compass—which, we need hardly say, is not the case—the great organ and the choir organ extending upwards from C C, and the pedals from C C C. The latter, indeed, can only boast of one octave of pipes—but this extends throughout its entire compass—which is more than can be said of the majority of the specimens which the Doctor has given us of his "Anglo-Lutheran" or "Protestant" organ. In these, a favorite device to make great display at a small cost, is to

insert a solitary octave of pipes, which is repeated in the upper octave of the pedals. Dr. Gauntlett further charges the Trinidad organ with undue prominence in the base and treble extremes, and poverty in the middle—with unnecessary strength in the mixture-stops—with unevenness of tone in the trumpets—and lastly with a total want of what he affectedly terms “homogeneity”—to one and all of which charges we give a flat denial. The great organ has, we allow, neither the *Quint*, “which is found in the Haerlem organ,” nor the *Tenth* “which is found in the great organ of Seville”—which stops, indeed, would be misplaced in an instrument of such calibre—but maugre these lamentable drawbacks—for which, we doubt not, the zealous Doctor has often and sorely wept—it contains quite enough for the accomplishment of all to which it aspires. Its tone is rich, brilliant, weighty, and grand. Its reeds are magnificent—and in respect to “homogeneity,” we remember no instrument of any builder in which the various pitches and tones of the different stops are so admirably united in the production of one tone. (We assume a meaning for the Doctor’s oddly applied compound of latinity and gibberish.)

We are next informed that Messrs. Gray and Davison are following the example set by Mr. Hill, in the production of new stops. But as this can only refer to the *Keraulophon* and *Symphonicon*, the stops claimed by Messrs. G. and D. as their invention—we must unhesitatingly characterise the assertion as a wilful mis-statement. We have seen and examined minutely all the most famous continental organs—and, moreover, are in possession of every work of importance on the subject of organ manufacture, from the venerable Dom. Bedos to the recently printed “*Rapport*” of M. Adrian De La Fage, on the *St. Denis* organ, erected by M. M. Cavallé-Coll of Paris—and can vouch, from experience, that no stops, resembling in any one particular the above-mentioned inventions of Messrs. Gray and Davison, have, previously to their introduction by those makers, been either suggested, described, or produced. We are convinced that Mr. Hill is too honorable a man to lay any claim to the invention of these stops—though, exerting an indisputable right, in his quality of organ-builder, we have reason to believe that he has repeatedly made experiments with a view of imitating the *Keraulophon*. We are not surprised at this—since the tone of this stop, as well as that of its successor, the *Symphonicon*, is perfectly new and delicious.

By the way, the mention of the *St. Denis* organ, reminds us of a suggestion that may be of extreme value to Dr. Gauntlett. Why has not that multifariously learned pundit been to Paris, for the purpose of inspecting the acknowledged *chef d’œuvre* of M. M. Cavallé-Coll? He might pick up a large stock-in-trade, which would well bear converting into a whole century of, so-called, inventions. But if unable to go, he might save himself the trouble and expense of a journey, by purchasing the “*Rapport*” of M. De La Fage already mentioned—which would perfectly answer his purpose. What, peradventure, might he not fashion out of the *Levier pneumatique*?—an operation for lightening the touch of organs on a large scale—the invention of which is attributed in this work to a Mr. Barker, an English workman, formerly in the employ of M. M. Cavallé-Coll, though in reality introduced by a provincial artist, who constructed the Brunswick chapel organ, in Leeds, some fifteen years ago. Or still more suitable to the doctor—because still more mysterious—what might he not fish out of that peculiar “natural obstacle,” asserted by M. M. Cavallé-Coll, to have been hitherto opposed to the possible perfection of a grand organ—and which has been vanquished in the *St. Denis* instrument, by

a variable weight of wind, increasing with every ascending octave? Surely these matters would be a mine of wealth to the Doctor—furnished with which, he might defy the entire body of English organists to compete with him in his hyperbolic and incomprehensible speculations.

Dr. Gauntlett concludes with animadversions against what he is pleased to term the “quackery” of Messrs. Gray and Davison’s inventions. How much better such a charge may be brought against himself, we shall reserve till next week to show.

Henry Russell and Henry Smith.

WE object to taking part in private controversies—but the case which Mr. Henry Russell has preferred against Mr. Henry Smith is a grave one, involving seriously the indisputable right of artists to their own property. It appears that Mr. Henry Smith is in the habit of giving an entertainment, called, “Henry Smith’s entertainment from America,” which is the precise counter-part of the entertainments invented and introduced with such great success by Mr. Henry Russell. It further appears, that Mr. Smith’s entertainment is exclusively devoted to the compositions of Mr. Russell. Lastly,—and here is the offending point, against which Mr. Russell has justly remonstrated—Mr. Smith invariably omits to place the name of Mr. Russell to the songs of which he avails himself, leaving the audience to surmise from the construction of the programmes that the compositions, as well as the entertainment, are Mr. Smith’s. In this Mr. Smith revolts against custom, and sets at nought the laws of courtesy. Mr. Smith’s programmes differ in this particular, from those of every other concert giver. The name of the composer is invariably placed to his work, not only for the information of the audience, but as a matter of simple justice. Why Mr. Smith omits this universal custom, unless it be to lead his auditors to imagine him the composer of Mr. Russell’s songs, he, perhaps, can answer—we cannot. It is not forgetfulness, since Mr. Smith’s attention has frequently been called to the point. Unfortunately there is no law to obviate the piracy of another’s fame—but, fortunately, there is a clause in the Dramatic Author’s Act, which will enable Mr. Russell to put a stop to Mr. Smith’s performances altogether, unless he can manage to compose songs for himself. Of this clause—and no one can justly blame him—Mr. Russell has availed himself.

First Philharmonic Concert.

THE Philharmonic has not, for many years, commenced a season so auspiciously. It was a prudent step—tardily as it was adopted—on the part of the committee, to engage a permanent conductor for the concerts. Although we regret no English musician could be found competent to undertake the office, we feel bound to admit that a *fitter* man for the post could not have been selected than Signor Costa. He has great quickness, great musical acquirement, and great experience. He has, moreover, great influence, and exerts it to the best advantage. Highly respected by every instrumental artist with whom he has been in contact—a distinction won no less by independent conduct than by courteous bearing—Signor Costa enjoys a moral power, that few artists in his position have been able to acquire. He is feared as well as

respected—and this, even more than his indisputable qualifications, gives him an advantage over all competitors. Foreigner though he be, we have not met with one British member of the Philharmonic orchestra—and we have conversed with many on the subject—who has not expressed his gratification at the appointment of Signor Costa, and his readiness to exert himself towards achieving that executive perfection which he doubts not will result from that gentleman's continued presence. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the Philharmonic orchestra so loudly proclaimed its supremacy on Monday night. Under a conductor so respected, and so highly gifted, it could hardly have been otherwise. The enthusiasm was general, the satisfaction unequivocal and unanimous.

The first concert of the present season, if we may judge by the general satisfaction expressed by a very crowded room, augurs well for the future prospects of the society. The programme, which we insert, exhibits greater care in the selection, particularly in the instrumental department, than has lately been observable. Variety of style no less than the excellence of the compositions has been consulted.

PART I.—Sinfonia in B flat (No. 9) Haydn—Aria, "O cara immagine," Mr. Lockey (Il Flauto Magico) Mozart—Concerto Violin, M. Sainton (No. 11 in G) Spohr—Terzetto, "Ti prego, O madre Pia," Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Lockey, Curschman—Overture, Oberon, C. M. von Weber.

PART II.—Sinfonia Eroica, Beethoven—Duetto, "Quis est homo," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams, (Stabat Mater) Rossini—Overture, Les Deux Journées, Cherubini.

The symphony of Haydn is one of the twelve written for the concerts of Salaman. The melodies, albeit time has rendered them somewhat *fade*, are strengthened and freshened by masterly treatment, and elaborate orchestral colouring. The Finale is a *chef d'œuvre* of fancy and contrapuntal skill. The subject, almost grotesque in character, is elevated by the ingenious method of its development. The execution of this symphony gave evidence of the power of Signor Costa over his orchestra. The *pianissimo* phrases were taken with a delicacy hitherto unknown at the Philharmonic concerts, and every point in the symphony told with its entire effect. The rondo was delivered in a tone so beautifully subdued, as to elicit a murmur of approbation. Mr. Lockey, who was prevented appearing from indisposition, was deputy'd by a Mr. Rafter, who sang the "Cara Immagine" sensibly and well. Mr. Rafter is a pupil of Signor Crivelli. His voice is a tenor of good quality, and when the timidity attendant in *debut* shall have been mastered, he will doubtless prove an acquisition to our concerts. The *concerto* of Spohr was a consummate treat. It is one of the best of the nine great compositions which that master has dedicated to the violin, and was the more gratefully received on account of the rarity of its performance. M. Sainton, who deservedly holds an eminent position among the most classical violinists of the day, performed it in such a manner as to prove his intimate acquaintance with the great school of which Spohr is the chief living representative. In truthfulness of expression, and perfection of mechanism, M. Sainton was equally to be commended. The *rondo finale*—a *bouquet* of graceful and innocent melody—displayed the skill of the performer in double-stopping to the highest advantage. M. Sainton was warmly and unanimously applauded. The trio of Curschman, an insipid trifle, was nicely sung by the vocalists. The overture to *Oberon* was admirably performed, and vociferously encored. The grand feature of the concert, however, was the *Eroica* symphony—the first complete declaration of Beethoven's new style, when he had entirely thrown off the trammels of Mozart and his master, Haydn. This was

executed to great perfection, in spite of the delinquencies of the first horn. The effect of Signor Costa's presence seemed to have magnetised the whole orchestra. A wave of his arm and the expression he required were simultaneous. The secret of conveying his own feelings to the orchestra under his control, has seldom been more thoroughly exemplified by a conductor. New, but appropriate, readings—efforts hitherto unheeded—glimpses of orchestral coloring and refinement previously uncared for—came out to the delight and surprise of the audience, who gave vent to their satisfaction by repeated and loud expressions of approval. The *Scherzo* was greatly damaged by the inefficiency of the first horn; but this was the only defect of a performance as nearly perfect as the variety of elements, out of which an orchestra is constructed, can possibly admit. The sublime thoughts of Beethoven found a tongue to express them to the world—and who that was not moved must have been incapable of emotion. The vigorous and splendid overture of Cherubini, with its plaintive *violoncello* phrases, was rendered in no less commendable a style. The duet of Rossini, though not one of the best compositions of the Italian *maestro*, was sung with great expression and delicious intonation by the Misses Williams, and loudly applauded. The concert gave unqualified satisfaction.

Simon Sechter.

Translated for the "Musical World."

BY

FRENCH FLOWERS.*

FROM the commencement of my early musical education, my favourite pursuit was the organ, and writing compositions for that noble instrument. When I was appointed organist to the imperial court of Vienna, I devoted my time to making myself thoroughly master of the several duties connected with my situation. The next object which engaged my attention, and one which had long occupied my thoughts, was "musical declamation." My acquaintance with Staudigl (who soon became my intimate friend) was most favourable to this object, for he gave me new matter for contemplation, which would otherwise have escaped my observation. Staudigl's versatility of talent urged me on to cultivate the subject of declamation with still deeper interest. I therefore commenced setting some of Schiller's beautiful poems to music, and did not forget to avail myself, from time to time, of Staudigl's acute observation.

I next composed (in the fugal style) fifty-two sacred pieces on the proverbs of the Evangelists. After which I wrote music to the Epistles for all the holy-days throughout the year. At this period I made myself acquainted with J. S. Bach's splendid oratorio, "Die Passionen," which induced me to set all the subjects from the Evangelists to music suited to every day in the year. I then set to music the words of the "Four Passions" of our Saviour; done, however, in a far simpler school than that of Bach's. In fact, *simplicity* is most natural to me. Many of the above compositions, which were written for a bass voice, I played over with Staudigl, and I was most highly delighted with his conception of them.

My next work was music set to the first seven chapters of St. John; then I took the first four chapters of the history of the Apostles; each of which formed an oratorio. My third oratorio was the "Destruction of Sodom," the words by Emanuel Straube. About this time I also arranged "Passy's Orgeltönen" to music, which were published by Haslinger. My next oratorio was "Johannes," the words by Koeck. The above compositions were, for the most part, only arranged with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, and were performed from time to time at my own residence, for the entertainment of my friends. A particular friend of mine, who was always present at these musical meetings, presented me with words for an opera, which I set to music, and which was performed likewise at my own house. To enliven these entertainments I arranged, for four instruments, my early contrapuntal works on the National melodies, and some of my vocal compositions. My operatic works (which are all in a comic vein) amount to five in number; one of which, viz., "Ali Hirsch-Hatsch," was submitted to the manager of the theatre of Vienna, and he accepted it, and I then arranged the opera in full score. Never was it my intention to appear before the public, yet

the step was taken, and I waited quietly the result, which did not prove quite successful. I then translated Mendelssohn's (the grandfather of the celebrated composer) books of Psalms, which I afterwards set to music, with a pianoforte accompaniment. After this I completed another oratorio, taken from the 8th to the 15th chapter of St. John; and as this was in the hands of the copyist, I set all the remaining chapters of St. John to music, which formed an oratorio, which afterwards I arranged in full score.

During the time I composed these works, my daily avocations pressed heavy upon me, and I believe no one can well attack me for neglecting my duties, or losing my time. I have only mentioned my greater works, and have not alluded to many of my smaller productions, such as short masses, and two requiems and a full mass, which I had nearly forgotten to enumerate.

It will now naturally be asked, "Why did you not bring forward your numerous works before the public?" My reply is, "My love for art inspired me to write these works, but it did not urge me to bring them before the public." From my childhood I have been accustomed to a limited circle of kind friends, and my ambition is not to arrive at high public honours; and although I am now in my 57th year, the world is yet young to me, nor have I so much as sought to obtain an appointment as *Musical Director*.

My productions have greatly contributed to my health and happiness, and have guarded me from many of those evils to which youth and age are prone. I have lived long enough to know that my works are of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of my gaining pecuniary advantages from them; yet the school I have adopted is my own choice, and nothing could induce me to change my style.

I have now given to the public a catalogue of most of my works, in order to still the repeated inquiries made concerning me, and to prove to my friends that I have not been idle.

SIMON SECHTER.

* From the *Wiener Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*.

Letters from Vienna.

No. 2.

February 13th.

What a scene of riotous gaiety is Vienna on a fete-day! Shortly after the lord of day has opened his "flaming eyes" (for the Viennese are early risers) may be seen individuals making for the Glacis, Volksgarten, &c., where choice breakfasts await them, accompanied by the enlivening strains of Strauss or Lanner. A little later may be observed that strange conveyance called a "Gesellschaftswagen, together with "Flakers," &c., filled, in all human probability, with jovial Viennese bent upon amusing themselves; but this can never be clearly ascertained, inasmuch as a dense cloud of tobacco smoke, issuing from a dozen pipes and cigars, precludes the possibility of seeing anything like a human face in the interior of the above-mentioned vehicles. I can only say that I have seen individuals enter them; but whether they really arrive at their destination, or "end in smoke" upon the road, I know not. These coaches and smokers are generally bound for Hitzing, Hütteldorf, Ober Döbling, &c., the environs of Vienna, from four to five miles from the city. On such a day as this, a Viennese family of my acquaintance proposed to me to accompany them to the Kahlenberg, a mountain some miles distant, commanding a complete view of the "Kaiser-stadt" and the course of the Danube for several leagues. An additional inducement to me to visit this delightful spot was, that Mozart had once possessed a house upon the summit of it, in which he is said to have spent a great deal of his time. After a great deal of walking, scrambling, &c., (for the ascent is remarkably steep,) we at length succeeded in reaching the top, where we were amply compensated for our labour by the magnificent view it afforded us. And now, after a little rest, I began to inquire for Mozart's house." I found that it had been converted into an inn, and the very one at which we were to dine! Every nook and corner in this little dwelling had been made available for domestic purposes, except the one room which Mozart had made his *sanctum*. This was constantly kept locked up, and no profane feet were suffered to pollute the sacred temple of Apollo. It is a tiny room, and in form resembles a square box. A modern grand pianoforte would scarcely stand in it. The situation of this chamber leaves nothing to desire; its windows command the whole of the magnificent view from the mountain, which is in itself as soft and beautiful as was the spirit of him who had so often gazed upon and drawn inspiration from it. Having collected what scavengers we could find, and "ghostly night" beginning to walk abroad, we made our way back to the city. Judging from the public musical performances in Vienna, a stranger would imagine the taste to be no higher here than elsewhere. At the "Kärntnerthor," we have translated versions of very

indifferent Italian operas, and at the concerts Listz, Thalberg, Döhler, Ole Bull, and other artists, whose power is more digital than mental, are received with as much enthusiasm as in London or Paris. But these are mere momentary wanderings—episodes, as it were, to the history of Viennese musical life; the real, everyday *enduring* feeling of the people is still with the great and beautiful in art. It is still the land of the Hadyns, Mozarts, and Beethovens! But to discover this, a foreigner must be introduced into the private society of the capital. Then he will have frequent opportunities of hearing the finest of music performed by all classes of amateurs with a perfectness which would shame many artists of other countries. Why then, you will say, do they patronise publicly a species of music bad in itself and calculated to vitiate the public taste? But does the innate love and admiration we feel for the beautiful in nature deter us from crowding to gaze upon some two-headed or three-legged monster which may be exhibited in our city? And is it to be inferred, that because we go to see it we find it more lovely and agreeable than the graceful and symmetrical being which we are accustomed to regard as beautiful? It is our thorough knowledge of the beautiful which makes us keen in our perceptions of the ugly and monstrous. We are led to monstrous productions of nature by curiosity, and the same feeling prompts us to listen to these monsters of art, of whom I have already spoken. But still let us do these artists every justice.—Let us separate their performance from their music, and we shall then be able to appreciate them. When we consider the perseverance, the self-denial, the hours of toil they must have undergone to attain such wondrous dexterity, they are at least entitled to our respect, for the qualities which have enabled them to reach their goal, (although, in my opinion, it is a "bad eminence,") are those which constitute the elements of a great mind. It is only to be lamented that such energies and talents should have been misapplied. Go then, stranger, into private society in Vienna. There you will hear blooming Duchesses and Countesses performing sonatas by Beethoven, concertos by Mendelssohn, and even fugues by Bach, if you desire it. Solemn councillors of state performing quartets by Hadyn and Mozart; red-hot sons of Mars spending their lighter hours with Beethoven. Even tradespeople, who pass their whole day in mercenary toil, refresh themselves in the evening with music, and that of the best kind. I have heard the Viennese accused by foreign artists of liking none but the music of Strauss and Lanner! What a singular accusation is this! The passion of the people is waltzing, and where would they find prettier music to dance to than that of the above-mentioned writers? They do not go to Strauss's entertainments exclusively to listen to the music, but to dance, eat, drink, and talk. If Strauss were to announce *concerts* here, as he did in London and Paris, everybody would laugh, and nobody would go. We have conceded to Musard and others an artistic position in London, such as Strauss never had, and never will have, in Vienna. Adieu!

And now while we are still at Vienna, proceed we to make some further observations upon the "musical mind" of Germany. I believe it to be a fact undisputed, at all events by connoisseurs, that while Italy has produced many eminent writers, and that England and France have had their special talents, Germany has always been pre-eminent amongst the nations for her musical attainments in every branch of the art. Her long list of glorious composers, including almost every really great name, far surpasses that of any other people. This springs partly from the ideological and dreamy character of the people, and partly from the elevated view they take of art, and an artist's mission. They have raised music from the mere frivolous, artickling amusement which other nations seem to have considered it, to the dignity of a powerful element of civilization. Their metaphysical studies have enabled them to discover that all human thoughts and affections can be expressed and communicated through the medium of tones as well as words. They have learned to understand how a great poet-musician may pour forth his wordless eloquence, and that the world of sound has its joys, its sorrows, its hopes, its fears—nay, can even teach its moral lesson. What a world of thought is a symphony, quartet, or sonata, by Beethoven! Can we not trace the workings of the human mind through every passage of it? By turns 'tis sad—gay—grand—wild; and as it changes, corresponding feelings agitate our bosoms—we weep, smile, feel ennobled, or tremble under the influence of the enchanter's strain. In what a sea of emotion does it not plunge us! And what more could the greatest word-poetry effect? It would, probably, from its nature, be more positive, and therefore more intelligible to the million; for music is essentially a suggestive art; its power goes no further. The finest order of music is that which suggests to the mind elevated and poetical ideas; which seeks rather to awaken those ideas which are within us, than assert truths in a poetical form. One cannot be as positive and explicit in music as in words; and, in consequence of this reason, may perhaps cavil at it. But let not reason require too much, or we may in our turn ask of her more than she has in her power to answer. Can reason inform us why one combination of

sound is more agreeable to the ear than another?—why one chord produces a pleasing and satisfactory effect, whilst another irritates the nerves and excites the imagination? There be persons, I know, who seek for the causes of these effects in nature. Their theory is ingenious, perhaps true; but most difficult, if not impossible to prove. That all the notes of the scale exist in nature is of course understood when we admit they exist at all. That rhythm, also, in a crude and simple form, exists in nature, is evident. But do the combinations of sound which we term chords, and the succession of sounds which we term melody, exist in nature, or are they merely the result of the artist's skill? It is certain that the major common chord exists in nature; but can we have its inversions? Do other chords exist? Why not, as well as the first? But who has heard them? I once fancied that I had heard a chord of the diminished seventh in the wailing of the wind through some trees opposite to my chamber window, but nobody would credit it, and I was only laughed at for my philosophical discovery. I was, however, for a long time under the impression, and am not yet wholly free from it. Another question—Can anything exist in art which has not already an existence in nature? No—man can create nothing; but he can *combine*, and by the power of combination he may produce results which are not to be found in nature. Something higher and more lovely—the emanation of his own immaterial mind. The component parts of a great painter's work must (to be good) have been copied from nature; the sounds which the musical poet employs to express his thought exist already in nature: but the grouping, the combinations which render his work lovely beyond any work of nature, spring from the ideal beauty enshrined within his own being. An immaterial loveliness—a bright vision—a ray of the divinity! The German character is essentially musical. Their very poetry possesses the leading qualities of fine music, for that also is more *suggestive* than positive. The mind of the people is at once imaginative and scientific, and imagination and science are the two most powerful elements of musical composition. Add to this, that they have a deep reverential love for art, and an enthusiasm its cause, which almost always leads to great results. One of the brightest and truest illustrations of pure German musical character was Ludwig Beethoven. But this name reminds me that I am at Vienna, and warns me to descend from theories to actualities. During my first visit to this place, I went (as you may well suppose) to every concert of any importance given during the season; and some account of these musical doings may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to you: I shall not easily forget the effect of the ninth symphony, or the overture to "Leonore" of Beethoven, as performed by the élite of the Vienna professors. Both works were at that time new to me, and what between the compositions themselves, and the performance of them, I was positively stupefied with astonishment and admiration, I could not utter a word, and slunk into a corner, lest anybody should speak to me and disturb my sensations. In comparing the principal orchestras of Germany with those of other countries which I have since had an opportunity of hearing, I am inclined, on the whole, to think that the Germans have the advantage.

Not that I wish to speak disparagingly of the glorious Philharmonic of London, or the "Conservatoire" of Paris, but it must be borne in mind that the artistic sources of England and France have been almost drained to furnish these two magnificent collections of talent. They are the gardens of Eden of music, and all without their precincts is in the above-mentioned countries almost a desert; whilst in Germany there are several bands equal to them in every respect, and a hundred others of first-rate excellence, inferior to the great ones only in numerical strength. During my first season at Vienna, Heinrich Ernst, whose name and fame have since become European, made his bow to a Viennese public. Shall I describe to you the "furor" his performance created? It would be almost impossible. I will therefore confine myself to actualities; and when I tell you that he was called for *thirteen* times in the course of *one* concert, you will be able to form some idea of the sensation he made; and this was all *real*; there was no "claque;" Ernst would have scorned to employ it, for he is one of the noblest and most guileless of beings. His success was genuine and richly merited. Molique, the eminent violinist and composer, gave also concerts during the same season, with great success. Mayrader, who is violinist to the court, and solo-violin to the opera here, plays very little now in public; but his solo-playing is still delightful, and his quartett-playing a thing to dream of. Staudigl, too, was then beginning to be considered what he should have been acknowledged to be long before, one of the most consummate artists, both as an actor and singer, the world as ever produced. There were two new operas by German composers produced during the same season at Vienna, but I am sorry to say that they were both failures.

Indeed I fear that German opera is altogether on the decline. Why does not Mendelssohn write one? I think that he would be the rallying point of German operatic art.

H. G.

Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MY DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to say a few words respecting my new work "The Construction of Fugue." The new rules I have laid down (upon a fixed system) for modern harmony will, I trust, at once, prevent the possibility of making mistakes in the treatment of discords, and movements of parts. I take this opportunity of thanking all those who have honoured me with their patronage. I have already 286 subscribers, amongst whom are the most eminent musicians in this country: who not only subscribe, but have expressed themselves in kind and complimentary terms respecting this work. I have written 227 letters to musicians, and there are but nine or ten who have not promptly replied to my communications, and I have no doubt that absence from home, or some other cause, has prevented these gentlemen from answering my letters. In the hope that my present undertaking may merit the high patronage and kind support I have already received,

I remain, my dear sir, yours very truly and obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

N.B. Gentlemen both in town and country having written to me respecting my work "On Sequence," I beg to inform them, that what I have advanced on that subject will be contained in my work "ON HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT," which will be published (D.V.) in about a year. I must, therefore, apologize to my friends for having drawn their attention to my work "On Fugue."

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR,—As I purpose forming a Band of Instrumentalists for the performance of Symphonies, Overtures, &c., &c., I shall feel obliged if any of your talented contributors will give me the following information:—*What number of Performers are requisite to form a small but complete Orchestra?*—The principal difficulty with which I have to contend, is the scarcity of good Instrumentalists, on which account I am obliged to limit the number of the Orchestra as much as possible.—It must, therefore, be small, but efficient. Hoping that some of your readers will specify the Instruments necessary to carry out my object,—I remain, dear Sir, yours very obediently,

A COUNTRY PROFESSOR.

March 2, 1846.

Provincial.

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent.)—A Musical Festival took place at the Town Hall on Monday evening, and Tuesday morning last.—The music room at the Hall, is a small but handsome one, and was decorated with garlands and festoons of flowers, which gave it a very gay and festive appearance. We had some of the principal vocalists from Exeter Hall; Miss Birch and Miss Hawes, Messrs. Braham, Phillips, and Leffler, supported by a select corps from the choir. The whole conducted by Mr. Surman. On Monday evening, the *Messiah* was given.—Criticism on this work, with such performers, has become mere superelevation. The whole went off with great satisfaction to all parties—the room being thronged. On Tuesday morning, *Samson* was performed. The extraordinary beauty of the songs, duets, and concerted pieces—the magnificence of the accompanied recitatives, and the dramatic interest of the story, render this Oratorio second to none of the author's works, but *Israel* and the *Messiah*. Mr. Braham was, of course, the *Samson*—the part being one of great and sustained energy, is exactly suited to his powers. He is on his legs, with scarcely any intermission, until the middle of the third act. Except an appearance of effort, when you are near to him, and the occasional failure of some of his upper notes, he seems to be much as he ever was.—People look at him (he is seventy-three!)—and listen—and then wonder! Miss Birch, in "Ye men of Gaza," and Miss Hawes in "Return, oh! God of hosts,"—two of the finest songs in the Oratorio, were admirable. After the magnificent chorus, "Fixed in his everlasting seat," at the end of the second act, I slipped my cable, being compelled to be in town in the afternoon, I am, therefore, unable to add that Miss Birch was encored in "Let the bright seraphim,"—and that she stopped in the middle of it, as she does at Exeter Hall, leaving the audience in ignorance of the humorous trick that she has played them. The room, as on the preceding evening, was crowded. The festivities are to terminate on Friday evening with a grand ball, which, it is said, will be numerously and fashionably attended.

J. G.

BATH.—The members of the Harmonic Society attended numerously at the Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening, the 3d of March, and were gratified by an excellent selection under the able direction of Mr. Bianchi Taylor. The various pieces were from Bishop, Macfarren,

T. Cooke, &c.—several "encores" rewarded the exertions of the vocalist—Miss Collins, who bids fair to obtain a prominent position in her possession.—Mr. Bianchi Taylor, who sang in a finished style.—Miss Patton, an excellent *soprano*, rapidly advancing in public estimation—and Miss Hobbs, who has a clear *soprano*, and will doubtless become a favorite. The amateurs mustered some fine voices, which were heard with great effect in the choruses, glees, &c.

LIVERPOOL.—Master Day, the violinist, made his first appearance here at the last Philharmonic Concerts. He performed the *Andante* and *Rondo* from De Beriot's Concerto in B minor, with an energy of style and finished mechanism that won for him the applause of every hearer. The committee are to be commended for introducing this accomplished young artist.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—In his route, this season, Mons. Jullien has again afforded us an opportunity of hearing the performances of his admirable band. Beethoven's Symphony, in C minor, was the best performed piece of the evening. Jullien's "British Navy," is a popular piece well put together, and like the "Cricket on the Hearth," will have its day. The solos by Richardson on the flute, Sivori on the violin, and Herr Koenig, on the cornet-a-pistons, were beautifully given, and deservedly applauded. A polka by Mr. G. Hay was introduced: it is one of the best new ball-room pieces we have lately heard. The house was crowded in every part.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle*.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday, Mr. Wilson gave an Entertainment at the Hopetoun Rooms, which were crowded by a delighted audience. The programme contained German as well as Scotch ballads, in which Mr. Wilson is equally at home. He was in fine voice on Saturday morning, and gave his songs with great effect. After a short and interesting account of Schubert, he sang beautifully, one of that composer's well-known songs, and also Curshman's adaptation of the same words. To Mr. Sterndale Bennett's exquisite adaption of Burns's song, "Long, long the night," he did ample justice. Among the Scotch songs there were some comparatively new; for instance, Nicoll's "Bonnie Bessie Lee," and Hogg's "Auld Joe Nicolson's Bonnie Nannie." Mr. Wilson, introduced "M'Leod of Dunvegan," at the request of Sir Adam Ferguson, who was present, and who had presented Mr. Wilson with both the words and music. Mr. Land accompanied with his usual ability, and, in the German songs, had an opportunity of showing his power as a pianoforte player. In the Scotch songs he is, as he ought to be, unobtrusive, but extremely judicious, and watches the singer's every note. The audience were evidently delighted. Mr. Wilson was to give three more entertainments during the present week.—*Evening Courant*.

Foreign Intelligence.

PARIS.—At the fifth concert of the *Conservatoire*, the principal novelty was a new symphony, by Onslow. This symphony was originally a quintet for stringed instruments, in F minor, which Onslow subsequently re-arranged and scored for full orchestra. The general character of the work is heavy and monotonous, like most of the composer's orchestral efforts. Onslow, though possessing a thorough knowledge of instrumentation, and great contrapuntal skill, has little fancy, and less melody. His chamber compositions are his most interesting productions, but their ingenuity and learning are their principal charms, and in some measure make up for their paucity of ideas. Onslow is a great musician, but not a genius. A chorus, from Gluck's *Orfeo*, a selection from the *Ruinen von Athens*, of Beethoven, the C minor symphony of the same composer, and a flute fantasia, by M. Remusat, completed the programme. Ricci's *Scaramuccia* was produced last week, at the *Theatre Italien*, in Paris. The principal parts were sustained by Persiani, Brambilla, Derivis, Malvezzi, Tagliafico, and Lablache. Ole Bull, the violinist, gave a grand concert on Monday, at the *Academie Royale*, in which he performed three *morceaux* of his own composition. This was his first public appearance since his return from America. Felicien David's new work, *Moïse au Sinai*, was announced for performance on Tuesday, at the Opera, preceded by his symphony in E flat, and other compositions. The first fourteen representations of Halevy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, at the

Opera Comique, produced the enormous receipt of 177,789 francs. The Prince de la Moskowa has commenced the seventh season of his concerts of religious and classical music. Vivier, the celebrated cornist, who, like our own Jarrett, can play two, three, and four notes at a time on the horn, is at present in St. Petersburg. Madame Clare Henelle.—This charming *cantatrice* has announced her concert, under distinguished patronage. She will revisit London, with her daughter, during the present season. Mr Osborne, the pianist, gave his concert last week to a crowded and fashionable audience. Though a native of Great Britain, Mr. Osborne has a large connection in Paris, where he constantly resides. Schulloff, a new pianist and composer, from Germany, is producing considerable sensation in Paris by his playing and his compositions for the pianoforte. He is giving a series of three concerts.

Review.

"Take back thy gift,"—"Dear Italy,"—"Forget me not,"—"Dear scenes of happier hours,"—"My Nina fair arise." Ballads. Mrs. G. A. A'BECKETT. (C. Ollivier.)

As the productions of an amateur of the gentler sex, these ballads may be commended. In original thought they are singularly deficient, nor are they remarkable for any points of musicianship. Still their easy smoothness will let them pass among the pretty nothings of the hour. The fair authoress, however, has been very unfortunate in her choice of words. Such verses as she has selected were not likely to inspire her with any but common-place ideas. The first ballad involves some stale insipidities about "taking back gifts," "tokens of happier days," "vows all broken," and a heap of such sentiments as ballad-writers have worn threadbare a century since. Moreover these old thoughts are by no means neatly arranged, as the following versicle will demonstrate:—

Tho' once I hoped with life alone
This emblem to restore,
Oh, take it back, for now I own
'Tis dear to me no more.

The acme of nonsense-verse. But "Dear Italy" is still worse. Take the second quatrain—

Tho' o'er the world lost is thy sway,
Empire and power gone to decay,
But while remain thy charms to thee
Thou the earth's mistress ever shalt be!

"Fiddle-de-dee" would be an excellent *refrain* to this twaddle. The "Dear scenes of happier hours" is more silly than either of the others—but we have cited enough to show the disadvantage under which Mrs. A'Beckett has labored. The other two songs, though not good, are better than these. Under all circumstances, therefore, Mrs. A'Beckett is entitled to praise for having made at least something out of absolute nothing.

Miscellaneous.

MADAME PLEYEL.—(*La Belgique Musicale*, March 19.)—As we foretold, all the professors and amateurs of Brussels assembled last Saturday, in the *Salle du Grand Concert*. Those who had already enjoyed the good fortune to hear Madame Pleyel, as well as a vast number who went for the first time to be delighted by her wonderful talent, responded with equal zeal to the invitation of the great artist, to assist at her harmonious adieu to Brussels. Now, at least, when

the journals of Belgium and of England shall record the successes of Madame Pleyel, in every town she pleases to visit, and where her presence has been so long solicited in vain, the deep impression just left us by the Queen of Pianists, will procure the inhabitants of the Belgian capital a new enjoyment at each account of the concerts she intends to give. Thus when we hear of the concertos of Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett (whose fine works, in compliment to Great Britain, the fair pianist has lately made her especial study), she will appear to us in imagination, seated at the piano, more beautiful than ever by the exalted enthusiasm excited in her by the interpretation of such serious and lofty music—identifying herself with each composer by the perfect expression of his most intimate thoughts, whether his works demand the highest degree of executive force and energy, or whether they require the expression of sentiment the most passionate, subtle, and refined. Or to speak of things more brilliant and ephemeral, the sparkling effusions of Liszt, Thalberg, Prudent, Döhler—*cum multis altis*—will excite, wherever Madame Pleyel introduces them, applause as unbounded and unanimous, as that with which the *Salle du Grand Concert* resounded during the entire *séance* of Saturday last. It is impossible to praise too extravagantly the precision and equality of her inimitable touch. Scales and trills sparkle and shower like cascades of pearly crystal—showers of octaves, of thirds, of sixths, and of both together, are accomplished with a rapidity and a certainty inconceivable—not one vague or doubtful note can be detected. And, what is more than all, the elegance and delicacy of her playing are never for an instant sacrificed to the effort attendant on the accomplishment of the most enormous difficulties. Phrasing, *singing*, and the thousand *nuances* of expression that constitute what is denominated *style*, are ever at her entire command. We have had the good fortune, more than once, to testify to all these marvels of sentiment, all these wonders of mechanism, accounts of which will speedily reach us from the various places where the great artist is about to display them, and will revive in us the feelings of admiration with which she leaves us filled for her genius in all respects so various and complete. Madame Pleyel terminated her concert of Saturday by the *Tarantella* of Rossini, as adapted for the piano by the celebrated Liszt, which, solicited by the enthusiasts and reiterated plaudits of the audience, she was compelled to repeat. An absolute storm of *bouquets* fell at her feet, proceeding from all parts of the room. After the concert, a commission of the lady-patronesses of the *Société Philanthropique*, seized the occasion to petition the fair pianist to give a concert for the benefit of the *Institution des Creches*, one of the most excellent and famous of our charitable institutions. Madame Pleyel gracefully consented, and the concert was immediately fixed for Sunday next, to take place in the *Temple des Augustins*. No one is ignorant of the fact that it has been almost invariably with a view of advancing the success of charitable undertakings that the celebrated artist has hitherto been persuaded to display her wonderful acquirements to the public of this capital.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Verdi's *Ernani* was given on Tuesday, with Fornasari in his old part of Ruy Gomez, and three debutantes, Signora Pasini, (soprano), Signor Castaglione, (tenor), and Signor Bencich, (baritone). The new vocalists were not very successful, though by no means so bad as is insinuated in the *Morning Chronicle*, which is prejudiced against everything connected with Her Majesty's

Theatre. To-night *Nino* will be resumed. Our criticism of the music in *Nino* may be equally well applied to the *Ernani*—there is not the slightest difference between them. We have received a challenge, in bad French, from somebody who calls himself "an Italian and a friend of Verdi," to whom our opinion of his friend's music has given mortal offence. We refer him to our letter from Paris of last week, and beg him to write his next communication in good Italian, when we shall be able at least to make it out. If we are to answer challenges from every friend of composers who write bad operas, we should have nothing to do but fight. As we have no time for that amusement, we decline the challenge of "young Verdi's" particular friend. The new ballet of *Catarina*, with Lucile Grahm, Perrot, and Louise Taglioni, continues to attract.

BEETHOVEN'S QUARTETS.—The new edition of these celebrated compositions, spiritedly undertaken by Messrs. Cocks, of New Burlington-street, is drawing towards its completion. The seventeenth, and last, is already engraved, and the whole, ere long, will be ready for delivery. Professors of music will do well to place their names on the list as subscribers. The scores of these quartets, the correctness of which may be vouched for, since they have been superintended in the course of publication, by one of the most accomplished musicians in this country, M. Scipion Rousselot, ought to be in the library of every artist who is desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the sublime genius of Beethoven, which has nowhere more strikingly and fully developed itself, than in his compositions for the chamber, and especially in his quartets. The cheapness of the edition is as worthy of notice as its excellence and entirety. But our recommendation in this particular, is scarcely necessary, since the admirers of Beethoven—in other words, the lovers of music in a body—will surely, without an exception, make any sacrifice to put themselves in possession, at so reasonable a charge, of the only correct and complete edition of his quartets in score, that can be procured, at the present time, in any part of Europe. No time should be lost in sending in names—the subscription-list being advertised for publication almost immediately.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—(*From the Morning Post.*) The moment has arrived when the Philharmonic Society must considerably modify its ancient course, or, like other institutions, respectable only by reason of their longevity, sink into oblivion. Close boroughism must be laid aside for a liberal policy and a zealous adherence to the exigencies of the times. The old Philharmonic audience, if not virtually dead, is left in a powerless minority. A new race has sprung up—a race of *dilettanti*—who have travelled, and heard the wonders of the Continent. The antique *régime* will not do for them; they must be regaled with novelty, and that of every kind. No new composer, who has made a name—be he indigenous or exotic—should remain unheard at the Philharmonic. No executive artist of ability should leave England without having been engaged. It is not enough that a fine band shall execute the same succession of symphonies and overtures that has marked the last fifteen years, interspersed with three or four indifferent vocal pieces. Many of those may be heard now for one shilling, at the concerts of the enterprising Julien—the real provider of music for the million—and with a band rendered perfect by incessant and simultaneous training. The only thing that can save the Philharmonic is a determination on the part of the directors to render it superior to any other concert room performance—to place it by untiring ener-

gy, beyond the practicability of competition—to preserve its classical *couleur*, and its judicious brevity of duration, while materially increasing the variety of its character. No concert of the eight during the season should pass away without some feature interesting by its novelty. The Philharmonic must not wait for any other home ordeal, to decide if continental fame be merited. The Philharmonic audience should be the first to pronounce a verdict. Conflicting opinions should be set at rest at this tribunal. A Berlioz, a David, should be judged by them, and not be left to the unsatisfactory decision of motiveless caprice. As a vehicle for the cultivation of the highest musical taste, the Philharmonic, judiciously piloted, might be invaluable—as a conservative of musty principles, it must end in dissolution. Succumb it must to the spirit of the times—it can no longer wear the *perruque* and maintain the aspect due to its boasted pre-eminence. “The schoolmaster is abroad,” was, a quarter of a century ago, the adage of a mighty orator. The schoolmaster has achieved his mission, and has had his triumph. “The musician is abroad,” now-a-days. A taste and a love for music are diffused through the veins and arteries of the empire. Music should be nourished, fostered, encouraged. Its influence is humanising—its effect healthy and durable. The Philharmonic Society has but to mark and profit by the signs of the times, and it cannot fail to become one of the principal instruments of its promotion. We shall watch with interest the progress of this society during the present most critical season—which must either be the beginning of a new and brilliant era, or the end of a questionable career. In criticising with well-tempered severity the doings of the society, we shall most prove our wish for its prosperity. Its object is of far too great importance to the art of music to admit of the mistaken leniency which can only safely be administered to mediocrity.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Queen has commanded and will be present at the next concert, on Monday, the 30th inst. The programme will include Beethoven's Eighth symphony (in F)—Spohr's Second (in D minor)—*Caprice*, piano-forte, Mr. Sterndale Bennett—Concerto, harp, Mr. Parish Alvars—Overtures to *Prometheus* and *L'Alcade de la Vega* of Onslow. We only object to the last piece, which is “as dry as a stick,” and has no business at the Philharmonic.

MR. OURY, the violinist, has received the diploma of Honorary member of the *Academia di San Cecilia*, at Rome—a distinction which is conferred, with great liberality, on every foreigner who visits that ancient and famous city.

FLORA FABBRI has returned to Paris, after fulfilling an engagement at Manchester. Her success in that town has been extraordinary. At the end of a fortnight she was re-engaged for a similar term, and, in the course of that short period, she appeared one-and-twenty times. The ballets in which she performed were *La Giselle*, *La Mort d'un Fee*, and *Le Diable Quatre*, in the last of which she produced so great a sensation in London. The necessity she was under of returning to Paris compelled her to decline very advantageous offers from Liverpool and other places. In September next we shall have the pleasure of seeing her here again.

PHILHARMONIC.—At the next concert of this Society, on Monday the 30th inst., Mr. Sterndale Bennett will perform his *Caprice*, in E major, for piano, with orchestral accompaniments, and Mr. Parish Alvars will play his new MS. concerto for the harp. Symphonies by Beethoven and Spohr will be given. Madame Caradori Allan and Mr. Calkin are the vocalists engaged,

THE MUSICAL UNION will shortly commence proceedings for the season, under the direction of Mr. Ella. The list of honorary members includes many eminent continental, as well as native, musicians, the influence of whose names will, doubtless, add to the *prestige* and prosperity of the institution. —*Morning Post*.

ANCIENT CONCERT.—The Duke of Wellington has engaged the following vocalists for the second concert, which will be under his direction;—Madame Caradori, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Birch, Mrs. A. Shaw; Messrs. J. Bennett, Hawkins, and H. Phillips.

HENRY RUSSELL.—The performances of this popular artist, continue to draw overflowing audiences to Miss Kelly's Theatre, every Monday evening. Two songs out of three, from the entire programme, are usually encored. Mr. Russell's new compositions, “The Pauper's Drive,” and the “Slave Ship,” are likely to vie with any of his previous efforts in public estimation.

MR. LUDWIG GANTTER gave a lecture on Tuesday night, at the Music Hall, Store-street; the subject of which was the Ecclesiastical Music of Italy. The lecture, which was highly interesting, was given in aid of the Hullah Testimonial Fund, of which we have spoken in our notices of the concerts at Exeter Hall, by Mr. Hullah's first class pupils. The discourse of Mr. Gantter was remarkable for research, and compiled with great judgment. The vocal illustrations were exceedingly well delivered by Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, Miss Duval, Mr. Ray, and a choir selected from Mr. Hullah's pupils. We were glad to see the room well filled, and the general satisfaction excited by the efforts of the lecturer. Mr. Oliver May, one of our best musicians, presided at the organ with great ability.

MISS DOLBY and Mr. John Parry gave a concert together at Croydon on Tuesday evening last. The room was crowded to excess. Mr. Parry introduced a new extravaganza on the occasion, “*The melancholy Maiden, or the Bride, the Breeze and the Battle axe.*”

THE CONCERT, which was recently given at Bath, for the benefit of the widow and daughters of the late Mr. Loder, was extremely well attended; and it is expected that it will realise about 100*l.* Sir George Smart, Miss Dolby, the Misses Pyne, Messrs. Hobbs, Lockey, Phillips, Lucas, Howell, &c., afforded their gratuitous services on the occasion.

HANOVER.—M. Distin and sons have had the honour of performing on the Saxe horns, at the palace (Hanover) twice, in the presence of his Majesty, the Crown Prince and Princess, and a large assemblage of distinguished persons. They left Hanover on Monday, the 2d inst., for Brunswick, and thence were to proceed to Berlin.

MISS DINAH FARMER'S CONCERT. This was a highly creditable affair to the *Beneficiaire* and to all concerned. There was an orchestra—that *rara avis* in these times—and a powerful host of English artists, all of them of the right sort. The length of the programme forbids us from doing more than glance at the contents. Miss Dinah Farmer displayed her very great improvement as a pianist, in the Choral Fantasia of Beethoven—a bold attempt for a young pianist—and in Dohler's Fantasia, on “*Vivit tu.*” In the first she proved her steadiness, taste, and feeling—in the last she exemplified her rapidity of finger and energy of style. She was greatly applauded in both. The vocalists included Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, Miss Lockey, Miss Sara Flower, Mrs. A.

Newton, Mrs. Weiss, Messrs Weiss, Bodds, and D. W. King. Encores were awarded to Miss Rainforth, in ballads from *Martina*, and the *Crusaders*—to Mrs. Newton, in "Lo here the gentle lark"—to Miss Lockey, in "By the sad sea waves,"—and to the Misses Williams, in "Two merry gipsies." Mrs. Weiss deserves the highest praise for the style in which she delivered the "*Inflammatus*," from Rossini's *Stabat*,—and Mr. Weiss's "From rushy beds of silver rill," one of Balfe's best songs, was too good to be passed over without mention. Mrs. Weiss again sang Mendelssohn's "*Zuleika*." Miss Sara Flower sang for the first time, in town, since her return from Milan. Her reception was as gratifying as her improvement is decided. The middle notes of her fine voice are now fully developed, and the voice altogether, has gained in flexibility. We always regarded her as a good musician, but were not prepared for so great an improvement in taste, style, and feeling. Nothing could be better rendered, than the "*Ah con lui*," and the "*O Salutaris*," of *Cherubini*, elicited the warmest applause. Miss Sara Flower has only to work at home, as she has evidently done abroad, and there is no position in her profession to which she may not aspire. The instrumental music, besides the performances of the band under the able leadership of Mr. Patey, and the *baton* of Mr. Blagrove, comprised solos on the oboe and flute by Messrs. Grattan, Cooke and Richardson, and a duet, for harp and horn, composed and delightfully executed by Messrs. Frederick Chatterton and Jarrett. Mr. W. H. Holmes was the accompanist of the evening,—and where could a better be found?

MR. MUHLENFELDT'S SOIREEES.—The first of these took place on Wednesday night, at Blagrove's rooms, before a select and attentive audience. Mr. Muhlenfeldt is a pianist of distinguished talent, and a composer of classical taste. His programme was, consequently, entirely devoted to music of unquestionable merit. The great features were Mendelssohn's B minor quartet, and Hummel's trio in E major, in both of which, Mr. Muhlenfeldt sustained the piano-forte part with great power and brilliancy, receiving warm and repeated plaudits. Herr Kreutzer, a violinist, of great ability, undertook the first violin, Mr. Hill, the tenor, and Mr. Hancock, the violoncello. In such hands the ensemble was all that could be desired. In the second part Mr. Muhlenfeldt introduced an Andante of his own composition, which was calculated to display to advantage the character of the instrument for which it was written, and the ready mechanism of the pianist. A charming song, "The Dream of Life," was sung with great taste by Mr. Machin, and deservedly applauded. A *Fantasia* on *Fra Diavolo*, by Herz and Lafont, for violin and piano, was brilliantly executed by Herr Kreutzer and Mr. Muhlenfeldt. The vocal music was worthily selected: it comprised Mozart's "*Al desio*," a romance "*Das ferne land*," by Henselt, and a song "*Liebes lied*," by Kiel, excellently sung by Mdlle. Schloss, and the last encored—Mendelssohn's passionate "*Zuleika*," given with great feeling by Mrs. Weiss—the air, "Amid the battle's raging," from Spohr's *Jessonda*, by Mr. Machin, and a duet of Nicolai, "The Exile's return," by Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Machin, both rendered with care and effect. Mr. Charles Horsley ably presided at the pianoforte, as accompanist of the vocal music.

MRS. ANDERSON.—Her Majesty has appointed this eminent pianist teacher to the Princess Royal.

JENNY LIND has been creating a *furor* at Berlin in the character of Valentine, in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.

• From "Six Songs," dedicated to Miss Dolby, published by Wessel & Co.

STAUDIGL.—The following letter has been addressed by this eminent vocalist, to a friend in London.

Vienna, March 11.

MY DEAR FRIEND SCHLOSS.—I told you when I left you last year, that I was not likely to revisit England the following season, as I anticipated a great deal to do at the Opera House, where I am engaged, not only as principal Basso, but as a stage-manager. My presence is therefore indispensable. Moreover we intend to give the Italian company here, this season, "*a nut to crack*."

We expect Madlle. Jenny Lind, Herrn Tichatchek, and Crudiansky; Madme. Hasselt, &c., &c., forming an ensemble not easy again to be met with. Can I be absent then? Console yourself that I may not be with you; * * * * nor is it quite certain that Fischek will go to England this season, as he has found among his countrymen here a most enthusiastic reception, and we were both triumphantly received in the Opera "*Il Puritani*." * * * * Give my kind remembrance to Mr. Benedict and tell him, that his Opera, "*The Brides of Venice*" will be brought out at our Theatre an der Wien, here next autumn. My wife desires her best compliments to you. I hope once more, please God to visit you next year.

Your devoted friend,
JOS. STAUDIGL.

CROSBY HALL.—Mr. Sporre gave his annual concert here on Monday night week. Mr. J. W. Rowe, and Mr. J. L. Hatton gave an entertainment the same evening in the Throne Room, called, "Songs with Notes, Musical and Poetical." Both were well attended. Mrs. Phillips gave an entertainment on Irish Music, with illustrations, on Monday night, to a respectable audience. Mr. M'Fadyen on Tuesday night gave a similar entertainment on Scottish Music, which was equally well attended.

MR. HANDEL GEAR has returned to town from Paris, where he has for some time resided, and was engaged at nearly all the *soirees* of the aristocracy and fashion of the French metropolis. Prince Djälma and Dwarkenoth Tagore were among his pupils in singing.

ADVERTISEMENT GRATIS.—(New York, Saturday *Emporium* Feb. 14.)—M. Leopold de Meyer has just received another of Erard's magnificent Grand Pianos, and as he is going South, he offers one of the three for sale. Here is a chance for one of our merchant princes. Who bids highest? (! !)

BEETHOVEN.—When his Posthumous mass (the 2nd, in D minor—performed at the Bonn Festival last August, and now in preparation at the London Philharmonic Society) was finished, in his own opinion the best of his works, he would not print it but offered it to all the Courts in Europe for fifty ducats. Only four Sovereigns accepted it—the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, and the King of France. Prince Esterhazy declined, and the King of Prussia desired through his Ambassador to know whether Beethoven would prefer being decorated by a Royal order, to the fifty ducats, to which he replied with great emphasis, "*The fifty ducats*." Louis the XVIII, sent him, in addition, a heavy gold medal with the inscription, *Donné par le Roi à M. Beethoven*.

THE ORIGIN OF HYMNS.—St. Hiliary, bishop of Poitiers is said to have been the first who composed hymns,—songs or odes in honour of the Divine Being, to be sung in churches. He was followed by St. Ambrose. Most of those in the Roman breviary were composed by Prudentius. The hymns or odes of the ancients generally consisted of three sorts of stanzas, one of which was sung by the band as they walked from east to west; another was performed as they returned from west to east; the third part was sung before the altar. The Jewish hymns were accompanied with trumpets, drums, and cymbals, to assist the voices of the Levites and the people.

Advertisements.

MESSRS. COCKS'
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MR. R. COCKS, publisher to Her Majesty, most respectfully informs the musical public, that, during his stay at Vienna, his friend, Mr. Carl Czerny (the eminent composer and pianist), expressed himself very highly gratified that he (Mr. R. Cocks) had alone published correct and improved editions of the following didactic works (amongst 500 others), viz.—The Royal Pianoforte School, 3 vols., each 31s. 6d.; Pianoforte Primer, 9s.; 100 Exercises to follow ditto, 10s. 6d.; Etude de la Vitesse, with many new Studies, 10s. 6d.; the 101 Elementary Studies, to which are added a variety of new Studies, 8s.; the 40 Daily Studies, 8s.; Left-hand Studies, 10s. 6d.; the School of Virtuosi, four books, each 7s.; the School for the Snake, 5s.; the Legato and Staccato Studies, two books, each 7s.; the Drawing-room Studies, four books, each 6s.; Letters addressed to a Young Lady on learning the Pianoforte, 4s.; ditto, Thorough Bass, 4s.; School of Fugue Playing, 21s.; School of Embellishment, 21s.; Art of Preluding, 21s.; Supplement to his Royal Piano School, 64 Useful Exercises from 25 of the greatest Composers, 15s.; J. S. Bach's 48 Preludes and 48 Fugues fingered, 31s. 6d.; J. S. Bach's Art of Fugue, 21s.; also vols. 4, 5, 6, and 7 of J. S. Bach's Works, fingered, each 21s.; Corelli's 12 Solos, 10s. 6d.; Haydn's 12 Grand Symphonies, each 5s. and 7s. 6d., with Flute, Viol, and Bass, and the same as Piano Duets; Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, in 1 vol., 42s.; and Beethoven's Master Pieces, in 1 vol. (six of his best Sonatas), 21s.; also by Carl Czerny, his Perfect Pianist, new Studies six books, each 10s. 6d. and 12s.

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NOTICE.

The attention of the readers of the "MUSICAL WORLD," is particularly directed to p. 261, No. 32, August 8th, 1844, of this work. Article, "CORRESPONDENCE," signed Z. T. PURDAY

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